

by men genuinely in earnest, a nonproficient jack of all arts and trades, with no specialty whatever, seeks to establish himself upon a pedestal of criticism wherefrom he may ridicule the workaday world.

The quaint cardinal doctrine of the present day Bohemian is that he and his confrères in Bohemia alone of all the rest of the world have proper appreciation of the arts and graces. The irreducible minimum of this naive belief of the Bohemians is that folk who abide by the accepted rules of conduct—folk who go to bed o' nights, and prefer beefsteak to table-d'hôte-dinner-with-cochineal-wine food, and pay their bills, and hang up their clothes when they take them off instead of tossing them on the piano, and fight shy of John Barleycorn, and go to church o' Sundays, and such foolish, "smug" things—that people of this "groundling," elemental, bread-and-butter kind can't possibly have any other than an Eskimoish understanding or appreciation of the graces and arts; can't be infused or permeated with "sweetness and light"; and must forever remain mere uitlanders in the domain of the "esoteric amenities"—whatever those may be.

Exaggerated? You'd never think so after hearing a bunch of Bohemians talking this subject over!

I find that I have employed (in "quotes") the word "smug" quite a number of times. I have done so because "smug" is a word that the Bohemians never tire of using when they desire to be particularly cutting and contemptuous.

According to the warped tenets of Bohemia, you're "smug," and therefore a more or less pitiable lowbrow, if you don't adopt the Bohemian standard of conduct as your guide instead of the accepted standard. Another word that they are addicted to is "conform." If you "conform" to the world's rules of behavior, live temperately, conserve your health and your strength, and try for composure of mind, perform conscientiously your task, avoid physical and mental excesses, eschew intellectual fads, treat tradition with at least moderate respect and the prevailing custom with tolerance,—if you do these things, why, you're "smug," that's all; and the Bohemians really can't think of anything much worse to say of you than that you're "smug."

Some of the advanced or thirty-third degree Bohemians carry it a little further and say (instead of "smug") that you're "respectable." You're supposed to curl up under the impact of that hideous word, with the terrible charge it implies, as if you'd been caressed on the forehead by the heel of a Chihuahua burro. "Respectable!" "Smug" is bad enough; but what an utter impossibility you are (in Bohemia) if you're "respectable"! They use the word, understand, merely as a synonym for "dull," and not in its moral sense. 'Tis a dull way of misusing a word, I have often thought.

It is idle to deny that men of real talent, not a few of

them, have drifted, more or less inadvertently, into Bohemia, generally through temperamental carelessness, or a species of discontent born of the bitter fruits of their own slothfulness. I have known many such. And I have never failed to note their general deterioration—sometimes immediate, sometimes gradual—after they've begun to drink from the acrid alkali waters of that desert land.

First of all, the male Bohemian becomes a poser. He attitudinizes even in dealing with trivialities. The tawdry glamour of the (to him) new region so damages his visualizing powers that he loses his sense of proportion; and when you lose your sense of proportion your sense of humor goes with it too. He formulates a system, a gospel, out of cheap, rehearsed claptrap. He becomes an emitter of done-over epigrams. He exudes the argot of the imitation atelier and the make believe studio. He sneers at the world of workaday folk. He becomes almost maudlinly susceptible to the flattery of the other self styled Illuminati of Bohemia, and in his turn becomes one of the flatterers. (The first of all the world's Mutual Admiration Fraternities must have been organized in Bohemia.) Becoming more and more mired, he begins to be disputations as to "so called" (he always says "so called") moral systems, declaring that such systems are only for weanlings and weaklings. Whatever little "holdout" ideals he may ever have possessed (and all men begin by possessing ideals, whether they call them by that name or not, and whether they're willing to acknowledge it or not) are tossed into the Bohemian caldron, not again to emerge in their wholeness. Eventually he degenerates into a sort of husk, an animate hodgepodge of freakish, futile,

the green fields and running streams and sweet air breathed by wholesome, normal men and women; and he experiences, in thus emerging from the trance, the joy that one might experience in passing from a stifling opium den into an old fashioned garden, with sunflowers and hollyhocks lining the paths; and the Bohemianism from which he has escaped always afterward leaves a bad taste on his intellectual palate whenever his mind reverts to it.

Not often, however, does the inhabitant of Bohemia recross the border of that land of artificiality and ashes and regain the happy, smiling fields. The answer to this is simple. A man who lives for a few years in Bohemia is more or less bound to acquire habits—both positive and negative habits—that are sure to disqualify him as a repatriate of the better land he has left behind; the positive habit of insobriety, for example, or the negative habit of indolence, or an injudicious combination of both.

For, let them deny it as they may and will, the rock bottom basis of Bohemianism is self indulgence; and pretty often—more often than not—Bohemianesque self indulgence means making moist rings on the top of the table with a glass, and, quite as often, permitting somebody still outside the domain of Bohemia to pay for the contents of the glass.

I hate even to think of the scores upon scores—yes, the hundreds upon hundreds—of promising men (young men, most of them) whom I myself have seen utterly wrecked upon the rocks of Bohemia. At the risk of "seeming personal," as Captain Kidd said when he cursed the ship chandler out, I'll go further and say that, whenever I desire to arouse myself to a beseeching

sense of gratitude for any little thing that has come my way, I have only to reflect upon how perilously near I myself, at the boh-veal stage of my life, came to being cast up on the craggy reef of Bohemia, and I am glad—glad!—that I had the dumb luck to get back to the "ordinary world," where folks say what they mean, and maintain their respect for one another, and live and love like wholesome, cleanminded human beings; yes, and go to Heaven when they die, instead of to a vague Bohemianesque Nirvana—GLAD!

'Tis a woozy, alluring land, this Bohemia; but only till you penetrate it and discover for yourself its aridness. All of the Loreleis of Bohemia sit outside the gates, chanting their siren songs; you'll find no Loreleis, not much else that is appealing, t'other side of the border. As

one of the explorers, I feel perfectly justified in declaring that I wouldn't give one acre of clover meadow out here in the sweet World of Every Day for the whole wide realm of Bohemia—garish glamour, filtered moonshine, and all!

And the next time you hear somebody sing that decidedly rummiferous song, "The Beautiful Land of Bohemia," and singing it as if he believed it, don't you, in any case, believe him.



The Illuminati
Dub You
"Smug"
and
"Respectable."

impossible theories, a curdled and soured arraigner of Fate, Destiny, Kismet, or "whatever gods there be" on his little list of arraigners.

Occasionally—not often—some Bohemian, stronger than the others, whose mental health hasn't been too badly impaired by long contact with parasitic minds, awakens from the tinsel dream, rubs his eyes, and "comes out of it"; abandons Bohemia, that is, for

THE BROTHERS

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON



MR. BUTTERELL'S life for a second time had been threatened on board that ship, and there was an explosiveness in the words, "I'll have your life for this!" that indicated their sincerity. Then followed a volley of village billingsgate as Bill made the hard climb on the slackened rigging, and Mabel rose from her seat; but the mate's answer silenced Bill, and she resumed it.

"Here!" he said, picking up Bill's knife, which had evidently jolted out of its sheath in the fracas. "This is what you want? I'll put it right here, on the house over my window. You can knife me when I'm asleep, and save your friend the trouble." Then he placed the knife carefully within the covering board of the house, and came aft with his smirk, strongly visible in the moonlight.

I was standing beside Tom watching his steering—for he was getting as nervous over it as his brother—and directly in front of Mabel's chair. But I was not yet in charge of the deck.

"Mr. Butterell," said the girl calmly as he approached, "I must ask you not to arouse the men to such language as I have just been compelled to listen to. I am not accustomed to it."

The smirk left his face and it took on a scowl as he realized my presence. "Why, Miss Merwin," he stammered, "I didn't suppose—"

"That is all, Mr. Butterell!" she interrupted. "I do not care to argue."

"Course due east," he growled, turning to me. "Due east, sir," I answered.

"And keep that mutt aloft till four bells. If he fails to answer the bells, keep him aloft the whole watch."

"Is that all, sir? Is the watch relieved?"

"Watch is relieved, all right. No need o' mustering and counting this moonlight night. You have the deck now. Watch out!"

"Yes, sir," I answered; then, stepping into the weather alley, I sent my voice forward. "Weather main and cro' jack clue garnets and buntlines," I shouted, "and come aft here, some o' you, and take in this spanker!"

"What are you taking in the spanker for?" asked the mate as I resumed my position beside Tom, ready to aid him if necessary.

"Do you want charge of the deck again, sir?" I answered. "It's one man's job."

"Leave the spanker on her. Haul up your clues, if you like," he said. Then he began a short pacing back and forth before the wheel, evidently working himself into a rage that was based on the girl's rebuff. He continued this pacing until the men, under the boatswain of the watch, had hauled up the weather clues, which allowed the wind to impinge upon the foresail. Then,

seeing that Tom made easier work of the steering,—even though, because of the spanker, he steered with the wheel nearly hard up,—Mr. Butterell was ready for an explosion.

"You look out, young fellow!" he said, halting me as I moved toward the weather alley. "I'll take the conceit out o' you yet!"

I looked him squarely in the eyes. I do not know that Mabel's rebuke had heartened me. I only remembered that I had lost her regard, that I had lost my skipper's good will, and that the last five years of work and effort, as far as advancement was concerned, had been wasted.

"Take care, sir," I said, quietly, "and do not forget the conditions under which I have allowed you to live this long!"

Then, in a cold rage, I turned my back on him and took my place at the forward end of the alley, where I could stand my watch in touch with both ends of the ship. He did not follow, and soon I heard him talking amicably with Mabel.

I DID not look aft, as I could gage Tom's steering by the swing of the fore yard against the few stars showing in the strong moonlight, and I noticed that the men forward were seeking sheltered and shady spots to doze away the watch—as is always permitted in easy ships—and that the lookout on the forecassle deck was pacing back and forth, wide awake. All was well with